There is no more striking proof of the often marked analogy between the Europe of the nineteenth century and the Roman empire of the age of the Antonines than the recent revival of interest in Marcus Aurelius. Two hun-ered years ago an English version of the "Thoughts" was executed by Jeremy Collier. who is much better known by his distribe not the stage, but now Prof. George Long has brought within our reach a far more accurate and readable translation. One of the most acteworthy volumes of Ernest Renan's Original du Uhristianisme is expressiv allotted to Marc-Aurile et la fin du Monde Antiqua Mr. Matthew Arnold also has written short but suggestive essay on the imperial Stole, and Mr. P. W. H. Myers has contributed to the Fortsightly Review a valuable study of the subject. M. Taine, too, has examined some of the questions bearing on the relation of Marsus Aurelius to his time, and the same topic is discussed by many German authors of reputa-Ron either in monographs or in special chap-ters of historical or philosophical works. Insemuch, however, as the book of M. Renan has not been translated, there was room for an English biography, in which the life of the best man who was ever clothed with supreme powe for good or evil should be traced with all the minuteness of which the extant materials will admit. Such a biography is offered us in Mercus Aurelius Antoninus, by PAUL BARRON on (Harpers).

The specific merits of this book are that, while the best of the "Thoughts" are concisely set forth in a score of pages, the wise and humano legislation which gave Marous his best title to the gratitude of contemporaries and of posterity is recited with a fulness which the work of M. Renan lacks, and the Emperor's attitude toward Christianity is defined and explained with peculiar lucidity and cogency. Of the three riddles which set students of Marcus Aurelius have found hard to solve, and which even Mr. Arnold has thought it difficult to reconcile with a wholly favorable judgment, one at least, he relation, namely, of Marcus Aurelius loward the Christians of his time, should cease to be a stumbling block. In view of the facts and this volume. It seems to us that his defence o the Emperor against the charge of cruel and unjustified persecution is even more conclusive than the strenuous effort of M. Renan to the same end. He shows that as a matter of Marous Aurelius was not a persecutor that not only by suppressing the professional informers, but by all other means in his power consistent with the practice already establi endeavored to protect the Christians. Of the three persecutions that took place in his reign, the first, in which Justin suffered investigation was carried on, not before the eity. Again, the martyrdom of Polycarp was work and been quieted by the Proconsul of Asia long before the news of the difficulty could be brought to Rome. As to the disturbance, finally, at Lugdunum and Vienna, this was due apparently quite as much to the fanaticism of the Christians as to the rage of their opposents. The Emperor was entirely unacmearly over, and as soon as he heard of what the authorities had done, he despatched a messenger with the command to re-strict the punishment to the extent permitted Trajan's rescript. Thus we see that his en-Seavor was always to mitigate the sufferings of the Christians rather than to augment them. The strongest proof of the leniency of Marcus Aurelius toward Christianity is found in the steem in which he was always held by the Daristians of his own and later times. It remains for Prof. Watson to answer one more obetion, namely, granted that Marcus sought to o no more than to enforce the laws of his sors with regard to Christianity why did he not go a step further in the right path and repeal them? This is met by showing, firstly, that Marous felt those laws to be indispensable to the stability of the empire, and because, secondly, he had, and from the nature of the case could have, no sympathy with Christianty itself. The gnostic Christianity which was offered to Marcus Aurelius, and of which alone he could know anything, was not the Christianity of Christ; it was hereey, and he rejected it. The empire was overrun with postors, pagan as well as Christian, and Marcus Aurelius was unwilling to make an exception in either case from the severity of

The second point in the career of Marcus relius which has given trouble to his apologists is his failure to divorce his wife Faustina. There was once a silly story current (Prof. Watson has not done it the honor to reprint it; that Marcus, on being reproached for the induct, rejoined that if he put her away he must back her dowry, which was the empire. The anecdote was absurd, for from no point of view could the empire be looked upon as Faustina's dowry. Her father, Antoninus Pius, had been Hadrian's successor merely as locum teners for the young men, Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus, and on the express condition that they should follow Pius foreover, inasmuch as Marcus was the nephew by marriage of Antoninus Pius, and therefore might be supposed to already have a hold upon him, Hadrian stipulated that Faustina should be married to Lucius Verus. Owing to the extreme youth of Verus, this stipulation was broken, but Faustina was not married to her sousin until the latter had been made Consul, and formally acknowledged as Casar, in fulalment of the will of Hadrian. There was, therefore, no special reason why Marcus should not have recourse to the expedient of divorce with which Roman society was so fa-miliar. But, according to Renan, careful investigations have revealed but little ground for the calumnies circulated against the wife Marcus Aurelius. Benan accordingly rejects the charge of unfaithfulness altogether and maintains that Marcus was justified in speaking of his wife with the utmost kindness d respect, as he continued to do throughout her life, and even after her death. The same sourse is taken by Prof. Watson, who does little ere than allude to the charges of infidelity on the ground that they are scarcely mentioned they are spoken of they are referred to almost invariably as mere rumors. We observe, however, that Prof. Watson seems to credit the accusation made by Dion Cassius, that Faustina was an accomplice In the revolt of Avidius Cassius. According to this historian. Faustina, perceiving that her husband's health was falling rapidly, and fearing that some stranger might obtain the rule while Commodus was yet a boy, deemed it wise to secure her own welfare and her son's by promising to marry Cassius if he succeeded in mounting the throne. If the biographer believes this imputation to be well founded, and that the wife's treachery was made known to the Emperor, we can hardly understand his inclination to hold Faustina guiltless in other respects or to absolve Marcus from the excessive stoicism of a mari complaisant,

By far the gravest blot on the life of Marcus Aurolius is the fact that he left a monster like Commodus sole master of the Roman world. seeded in completely meeting this objection "Marcus had no reason." says Prot. Watson,
"for suspecting that his son would turn out such a despicable character as we now know that at his father's death Commodus was but nineteen years of age." True, he was nincteen, but he had been in public life for four years, having filled the offices of Tribune and Consul, and having been three times proclaimed Imperator. It was the custom of the age to test betimes the fitness of the candidates for empire. This had been done with Lucius Verus, and Marcus Aurelius was himself made Questor at seventeen and Consul Commodus was two years older

when his father died than Marcus Aurolius had himself been when Hadrian fixed upon him as one of the future Emperors. Will it be main-tained that Marcus, with far greater opportu-nities of observation, lacked Hadrian's dissernment? On the other hand, we cannot ac cept Prot. Watson's assertion that Antoninus Pius, Hadrian, and Trajan had chosen their successors outside of their own families only because they had no children of their own. We do not believe, for instance, that Antoninus Pius, had a sor been born to him after his accession to the empire, would have broken his obligations to Hadrian and his adopted children in order to advance his offspring. Moreover, not only in the eye of the law, but by traditional public and private sentiment, a son my supption was held to occupy in all ways the place of a son by blood. Besides, it is a waste of time to inquire whether or no the predecessors of Marcus would have done their duty. It is certain that Marcus had a duty to perform, namely, to save the Roman world from the frightful disorders that were impending over it.

The incapacity of Commodus must have been patent to him, and there was not an hour in the last four years of his life when he could not, by recourse to the process of adoption, have given himself a fit successor. In the first century of the empire an heir by blood had, from the basest of motives, been made to give way to an heir by adoption. Why did not the nighest of all motives commend a similar procedure to Marcus Aurelius if he were indeed such a slave of public duty as his biographers portray him? If he had some lingering hope of his son's reformation, he might have reof his son's reformation, no higher have frained from degrading him altogether. But he should at least have given him a colleague in the empire. There was no lack of worthy candidates for the place. There were the sons-in-law of Marcus, Pompeianus and Claudius Severus. There were the brothers Quintillii. There was the veteran commander Pertinax. Either one of these might have succeeded in restraining Commodus, as Marcus himself had restrained Lucius Verus; and had the custom of adoption been thus impregnably established as the method of determining the proper success the empire, instead of being broken by the man who owed most to it, and who could best appreciate its value, the world might have been saved from incalculable suffering.

Letters of George Sand.

The new volume of the Correspondance de G torge Sand (Paris, Calmann Lavy) covers the pe iod from the beginning of 1864 to the mid-die of 1870, the series of letters breaking off just before the outbreak of the Franco-Prus George Sand was now, as she herself says rather dolefully, an old woman, and, moreover, an invalid, for she had begun to suffer from that species of physical collapse which physicians call anamia, and which made her look forward with dread to the mourrence of sold weather. She has lost her enthusiasms of 1848; she has learned to tolerate the empire. and professes deep respect and a cordial liking for Prince Napoleon. Of her old Republican and Socialist friends she retains only Armand and, while in writing to him she still affects to sympathine with his aspirations, she speaks of him to another correspondent as a visionary, impracticable person. But while from this point of view her character seems t have deteriorated, her literary activity is as indefatigable as ever, and her powers show as yet no signs of decadence. Some of her best novels were written at this epoch, and her play entitled "L'Autre" and her dramatization of "Le Marquis de Villemer" had extraordinary success. A large proportion of the letters in this volume are addressed to her literary friends, among whom Gustave Flaubert is the most conspicuous. She remains, as she alwave was, the model of good comrades, un wearied in kind offices, which she asks for and accepts for herself and for her son as frankly as she tenders them. About the literary ven-tures of this son, Maurice Band, we hear a good leal, but it is easy to divine that others did not share the mother's exalted opinion of his abilities. It is plain that he could never have maintained himself by literature, and he and his wife were really supported by George Sand, who made over to them her farm at Nohant and the greater part of her property, thus compelling herself to work as hard as she had ever done in the days of her youth and strength. When she had any money in her purse she was always willing to divide it with a friend, and we find her greatly troubled about Fisubert's impecunious situation. The amount of money which, under the guise of loans, she had given away will astonish those who recall that every penny of it was earned by her pen for novels and dramas were much smaller then than they are now. The total sum thus distributed did not, as she confesses, fall short of \$100,000, and we do not learn that any part of it was repaid. We doubt if the man of letters ever lived who could point to such impressive

Her good nature being so well known, it was natural that every tyro should invoke her intervention in behalf of his prolucions. Merely to answer such demands must have been a se ere tax upon her time. Among the many examples of the kindly way in which she replied to such unwarranted requests on the part of perfect strangers, we select the following note to one Francis Melvil, who, it seems, had coolly proposed that she should read a long manu-script of his, and that, her approval of the book being taken for granted, she should take steps to get it published on favorable terms: "After an absence of six weeks or more I have just re-ceived your letter of Nov. 7. All I am able to do for you is to get the person employed by Levy. the publisher to examine manuscripts, to read yours as soon as possible. As to influencing the judgment of a publisher about a book's chances of success, that is something quite impossible. They reply to you, and justly too, that, having to bear the cost of the publication, they must be the sole judges of the market for the commodity. These are prosaic considerations, but so unshakable that, after having tried some hundreds of times to render services analogous to that which you request. I have recognized therefore, be of no advantage to you for me to read your manuscript; and, besides, how could I do so? I have bureaus full of manuscripts that have been submitted to me, and my whole life would not be long enough to read them and pronounce upon their merits. Publishers are still more overburdened; but they have compe-tent employees who have nothing else to do, and who, sooner or later, distinguish works of real worth. Make your mind easy, then; if yours is good it will see the light. The person charged by M. Levy with this pusiness of inspection is impartial and capable. The publisher's own interest is a guarantee that your book, if good, will be accepted."

proofs of generosity.

In another letter written about the same date (December, 1864) George Sand defines her position toward the woman movement. She was evidently not in favor of intrusting her sex with the suffrage. The letter is addressed to M. Edouard de Pompery, who had lately pub-lished a book against the demand of equal political rights for women: "I have not yet been able to read your book. I cannot do just what I like with my time, but I have read the article in the Recue de Puris, and I shall not be counted among your antagonists. I think as the heart impose on woman. Those women who pretend that they would have time to be members of the Legislature and also to bring up their children can never have brought up children themselves; otherwise they wo know that such a combination is impossible Many worthy women, excellent mothers, are compelled by the necessity of daily toll to con-fide their little ones to strangers; but that is the vice of a social situation which at every moment misconceives and thwarts human na ture. A woman may, it is true, at a given juneture, fill, by a sort of inspiration, a political and social rôle [the writer is no doubt thinking of the part she herself played for an instant among the revolutionists of 1869, but not a function that deprives her of her natural mis-sion—family love. They often tell me that I am behindhand in my ideas of progress, and it is certain that in the sphere of reform the imagination need not stop at anything. But is the heart destined to change? I think not and I

beart destined to change? I think not and I see woman forever the slave of her own heart and of her entrails. I have east that many a time, and I still hold to my opinion."

In the course of the following spring Rapoleon III. published his Life of Casar, and George Band was asked by Prince Mapoleon to review it. Some of her remarks on the book are still It. Some of her remarks on the book are still worth reading, and we observe that, contrary to the current impression, she is convinced that the Emperor wrote the whole of the book himself. To Prince Napoleon she writes: "I know not whether they have sent you, as I told them to do, the proof of my article on the Life of Ossar. It was not befitting that I should ask whether or no it would meet the wienes of and whether or no it would meet the wienes of the illustrious author. While rendering hom-age to the real and considerable talent shown in it, I cannot accept the main idea, and I was near saying that to compare the work of Cosar, that purchaser of consciences, to the work, perhaps blameworthy from certain points of view leon L. would, to me, seem blasphemous." This is a droil reversal of the opinions now entertained of Omear and Napoleon L. by historical students, and we opine that Mme. Sand knew but little of history. To M. Brnest Perigois.
who, it seems, had also reviewed the book, she
says: "Your study of Omear is far more learned
and profound than mine, and I shall read it over carefully when I give an account of the second volume: but the newspaper which asked me to write a notice of the book, and which I make a point of obliging because it bolongs to my publisher, Michel Levy, would not endure long discussions or elaborate erudition or political allusions. There was already rather too much of this in my first notice; but as to ronouncing judgment on the work, I have no had to overcome the embarrasement that you imagine. Had I found the work bad I should not have written the notice, as the newspaper would not have inserted too rude a criticism. to it was all plain salling. I was the first peron who was allowed to read the book, and the account I gave of it was the first published My judgment, therefore, was quite free, and it seemed to me that the book had merit. I know on the best authority that every word of it was penned, and without any assistance in the way of correction, by him who signed it; accordingly, my impartial praise was due to its talent which is gonnine. As to approving the preface and admiring Owser, the devil himself sould not have changed my way of thinking, and I may tell you that my action was taken in good part. This publication will prove of benefit in this sense, that, on all sides, people are setting themselves to do what you and I are doing; they are demolishing Casar with a shade more or a shade less of indulgence or illtemper. Criticism is everywhere discrewing him. Few people, after all, know history, and will not be successful. The talent it evinces it s cold and concise one; it has no true profundity, and no literary interest except for people of the craft. Even all of them are not like me, who am rather a pantheist in matters of art, and who love all styles, those which are a little exaberant and those which are quite the opposite. I like any thing well done, no matter by what procees, and for my own part I have no process, or, if I have, it is unconsciously."

In the following letter, dated July 5, 1866. George Sand, writing to Alexandre Dumas file, recounts the impression made on her by Dunas' well-known novel, then just published L'Affaire Ciémenceau;" "My son, 'tie very fine, right well wrought also, pathetic, true, grammatic, simple. The style, too, is very grammatic, simple. The style, too, is very brisk and neat, consequently excellent; once or twice, in very short passages, a little too elaborate, perhaps, but it is a nigh strung per-son, it is Olémengeau that is speaking, and so what would not be close enough to nature in the author's mouth is well placed and helps to portray the character. His type is well sus-tained, and lays hold of you strongly. I would have well liked to have him sequitted for my own part, for if you conceive him to have suffered an attack of furious dementia, there was provocation enough. The wife is exact, and the wife's mother frightful in her verisimilitude. In brief, I find every stroke a happy one and worthy of you. Luckily my own novel is finished, for under the shock of electricity with which you have filed the air I should have copied your ending and made M. Silvestre kill his wife. But he had not the right to do it, not being an artist, that is to say, a man that follows his first im pulse, but piquing himself on being a phimust believe, however, that your denoue ment is the right one, since my poor fellow felt that, if he should ever fall in love with his wife again, he should murder her. And now, my son, we ought to make, you and I, not the converse, but the complement of your picture, merely changing the sex of the sufferer. Buypose a woman pure, artiess, charming, with all the qualities and the distinction of a female Clémenceau; her husband is attracted by her physically, but he must also have the courte sans to whom he is accustomed, and he de-grades her by his conduct. What is she odo? She cannot kill him. He fills her with disgust; his periodical returns to her are nauscating; she repels him. But she has no right to do this. Well, what is she then to do the cannot avenge herself; she cannot even protect herself, for he may offer violence and obody would interpose; she cannot run away; if she has children she cannot abandon them Sue him? She will not gain her suit, provided the act of unfaithfulness was not committed underher own roof. She cannot kill herself if she has a mother's heart. Find a solution if you can, for I have looked for one in vain. Will you say that she ought to pardon? Do you mean that she ought to go as far as the physical pardon which involves abject self-abandon ment, and which a delicate soul cannot accep without atrodous despair and an unconquer-

shie revolt of the senses ?" In a letter to Gustave Flaubert (October. 1866), the writer criticises deferentially Plan-bert's lofty and somewhat arrogant conception of literary art, and gives her own notion of th attitude which an author ought to maintain to-ward his audience. "Why," she asks, "have you never published your journey in Brittany? You are coquettish; you do not regard everything you write as worth showing. That is mistake. Everything that comes from a master's hand is instructive, and he should not dread to exhibit his sketches and rough drafts. Even these are far above the reader's h so many books are written down to his level that the poor devil remains vulgar. We ought to love stunid people better than ourselves ; are they not the real unlucky ones of this world? Is it not the people destitute of taste and of ideas that are condemned to ennul, that enjoy nothing and are good for nothing? We mus nothing and are good for nothing? We must resign ourselves to being trampled on ridi-culed, and misunderstood by such persons; that is inevitable; yet we must not abandon them, but go on tossing them good bread, whether or not they prefer offal; when they are sated with offal they will eat the bread; but if there is none they will go on devouring offel in secula seculorum. I have heard you say. 'I write for only ten or twelve persons.' In conversation people say many things that reflect the impression of the moment: but you are not the only one to say that: it was also the view propounded in the Lundi (Saints-Beuve's Monday article), or the thesis of the hour; in my own mind I demurred. The domen persons for whom you write and who appreciate you are either as good as you are or excel you. The proof is that you on your part have never felt it indispensable to read the other eleven, in order to be yourself. It follows that one really writes for the community at large. for everybody that requires initiation. When you are not understood you make the best of it and begin over again. When you are understood you rajoice and go straight on.
There lies the whole secret of our persistent
labor and of our love for art. What would be
left of art if you subtract the minds and hearts

into which it may be poured? Such art would be a sun devoid of rays and of life-generating

power."
In a later letter to Flaubert, Mms. Dudevan some to question whether she herself pos-senses it: "There is a certain equilibrium established by nature herself in our instincts, established by nature herself in our instincts, and which promptly sets bounds to our appetities. The great natures are not the most robust. * * * Great artists are often feeble beings, and several of them have been impotent. Some, again, whose desires transcend their vigor, soon succumb to exhaustion. In general, I believe that we who work the brain experience joys and sorrows of too great in-tensity. * * Will you say that we ought to tensity. " "Will you say that we ought to develop our powers in all directions? Not all at once nor without intervals of rest, you may be sure. They who profess to do so besg a little, or, if they really try everything at once, fall everywhere. If for you love is only a potbolier, and art a bread-winner, you may indulge in both together, but where pleasure means something immense, trenching on infinity, and labor involves an ardor amounting to enthusiasm they cannot be alternated like to enthusiasm, they cannot be alternated like wakefulness and sleep." In the remark that follows, they who recall George Sand's relations to Alfred de Musset will detect a curious significance. "For my own part, I do not be-lieve in these Don Juans who at the same time Byrons. Don Juan made no poems, and Byron, they say, made low vory badly. Yet he must have known, now and then—such emotions can be counted on the fingers in the life of any individual—that perfect costany in which the heart, the intellect, and the senses all participate; he has known enough of this to be one of the bards of love. Nor is more needed for the delicate instruments of our vibrawould shatter them." George Sand arges Flaubert to write a novel, of which a veritable artist should be the hero, but "where," she continues, "is the model? I know not for I have never known thoroughly any one who had not some week anot some side of his nature where the artist was sked out by the shopkeeper. You, perhaps, have not this weak spot, in which case you ought to paint your-self. As for me, I have it. I have a mania for isseification, which is the trait of the pedagogue. I love to ply my needle and scrub a child's face, which are the aptitudes of a seamstress or a nurse; my wits go wool-gathering which is a point of contact with the idiot; then again. I could never love perfection; feeling thus, I could never portray it." be noticed that the tone of all the letters to Finubert is extremely confidential. Much is admitted or suggested that helps us to understand the author's anomalous character and erratic life. Thus we read under date of January, 1867, "Consuelo, the Counters of Rudolstadt, whose is that? Can it be mine? I don't recall a word of it. Do you read that sort of thing? Can it possibly amuse you? Well, then. I will reread it too one of these days, and will By the way, what do people mean when they speak of one's being hysterical? I may have seen so in my time, and perhaps am so still: but I know nothing about it, never having pondered the matter, but hearing others talk it without making it myself a subject of study. Is it not a discomfort and irritation study. Is it not a discomfore and irritation caused by a craving for an impossible some-thing? In that case we are all attacked by it, by this strange malady, when we possess imaginstion, and why should such a disorder be imputed to one sex alone? Then again, for the real masters of anatomy it is an axiom that here is only one sex. Men and women are so secentially the same thing that one finds it hard to understand the multitudes of distinctions and subtle reasonings that pass' current in society upon this subject. I carefully watched

the childhood and growth of my son and daughter. My son was me, and consequently much more of a woman than my daughter, who was a poor copy of a man." In politics George Sand was by no means a prophet, and she has not the least foreboding of the humiliation and dismemberment which were close at hand. Neither has she much faith in the group of Republicans which had grown up under the empire, and which she was to live to see dominant in France. She seems to think that because her own friends, the revolutionists of 1848, had failed, success must necessarily be postponed to a far distant future, and there is something perfunctory and half insincere in her professions of belief in the ultimate regeneration of society. Her liscouragement is avowed with especial candor in a letter to M. Hanri Harrissa (April 1848) Revolutions," she says, " are brutal, distrustful, unreasoning. I know not what the Republican ideas are now. I have for some years lost the clue to that labyrinth of dreams. My ideal shall still be called liberty, equality, fraternity. But by whom and how and when it will be ever so little realized, I know not; what I do know is that everywhere you hear, starting out of the ground, and from the trees, from the walls of houses, and from the clouds, one and the same cry, 'Enough of this!' Yet I am tempted to ask why, although I recognize the imnotence of the Napoleonic idea in presence of a situation too complicated for it to grapple with; but after people have lauded and caressed that idea for fifteen years, how do they manage to turn round and pretend disgust for it in a day? Observe that the very persons who now exhibit the most indignation and wrath are those who for fifteen years defended the empire with most energy. has happened to turn their minds topsy turvy Was there nothing, but a question of interest in their enthusiasm? • • In the provinces people are in despair because they despise the party of the past and dread that of the future. What spark will light the conflagration? That is a matter of mere chance. Of what nature will be the confiagration? That is a mystery. I am naturally optimistic: still I admit that this time I have no great hope of a generation that for fifteen years has put up with the Jesuit I shall get over that, perhaps. I wait to see."

We will conclude our citations from this vol-ume with some extracts from an interesting letter (dated May, 1867) in which Mme. Dude vant describes at some length her impressions vant describes at some tengra ner impressions of the political situation. She is writing to Armand Barbès, who, ever since the coup-d'état of the 2d of December, had been living at the Hague, whence he descried far more clearly than George Sand the danger that threatened France from the side of Germany. My friend." she writes, "I do not believe in an invasion; that is not what worries me. dread an Orientist revolution, though I may be on the wrong track. Everybody looks out from the observatory where chance has stationed him. If, indeed, the Coseacks tried to bring back the Bourbon or the Orieans lynasty, they would have hard work, I fancy, and the princes would fare but ill. But if the courgeoiste, more artful than the masses of the people, should organise a vast conspiracy and succeed in appearing with the promises of which all pretenders are lavish the cravings for liberty which are now making themselves feit, what a fresh retogression and deception. People are tired of the present, that is certain. It galls them to be treated with a too palpable lack of confidence; they thirst to breathe, But where to find a remedy? The spirit of the pricathood has been encouraged; convents have been per mitted to invade France and monopoliz cation: the hope was that they would serve the principle of authority by brutalizing the rising generation. * * * Will there be such a thing as a people twenty years hence? Not in the provinces, I fear. * * * Revolutions are tending to become enigmas, whose history it will be impossible to write, and whose true meaning cannot be deciphered, so complicated are they with intrigues and increase that speculate upon the indolence and dulness of the majority. We may as well make up our mind that the present is an epooh of dissolution, wherein people wish to try everything and use up everything before uniting in the love of the truth. The future, nevertheless, is beautiful, though it is a future more distant than we imagined in our youth. Youth always outstripe the possible; but you and I may compose ourselves to sleep without anxiety. This age has seconcible; but you and I may compose ourselves to sleep without anxiety. This age has seconcible to the country of the truth and well accomplish much more; and we on our part have done what we could. From a better world, perhaps, we shall see that the seed we planted is growing here below." cation: the hope was that they would serve

POSTRY OF THE PERSON.

A Loy of Laws Totale. Where the level lawn to greecest, and the sunlight gibbean thousand. Let she stands:

While the passe is just evends;

While the passe is just beginning, there's the racket poised for winning.

In her hands. The is daintly athletic, one is very energette

See, the's just returned a twister that was sent her by O'er the net.

The is great at "Renshaw smeshee," 'tie a stroke that Dut her protty little massies are quite equal to the Of the game. Happy he who stands beside her, and is privileged

I could do that pleasant day to this Amasonian beauty All my days. As I watch her garments fatter there are words I tain

For she's tennis mad, and never from her racket seems When I come. I must take my chance while playing, there is danger is

astering:

I'll confide

My devotion so unawerving to the hely when I'm serving

By her side? Fot all Atalanta's paces, when she ran her famous races, Were more feet. Like Milanton in olden days, I'd east the apples golden A her feet! H. S. C.

Who Stele the Bird's Nest?

From the Philadelphia Call.
To whit! to whee! Will you limen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice warm nest I made? "Nos I," said the cow. "Moo-oo, such a thing I'd never do; I give you a wigo of hay. But I didn't take your nest away. Not I," said the cow. "Moo-oo, such a thing I'd never do."

To whit! to whit! to whee! Will you haten to me! Who stele four eggs I laid And the nice warm neet I made! Bobolink! Bobolink! Row what do you think? Who took a nest away From the plum tree to-day?

Not I," said the dog. " Bow wow! I dealdn't be so mean. I trow! I gave you heirs the nest to make. But the nest I didn't take.
But the nest I didn't take.
Not I," said the deg. " Bow wow! I couldn't be so mean. I trow." To whit! to whit! to whee!
Will you listen to me!
Who stole four eggs I laid
And the nice warm nest I made?

"Cluck, clock," said the hen,
"Don't sak me again.
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick;
We all gave her a feather
And she wore them together

"Caw. caw," cried the crow,
"I should like to knew
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day."

Chirra-whirr! Chirra-whirr! We will make a great stir. Let us find out his name, And all cry, "For shame!"

" I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Hary Green,
" I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"Tis very cruel, too,"
Haid little Alice Neal.
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel ?" A little boy hung down his head, And went and his behind the bed, For Ac stele that pretty nest From the poor little yallow breast, And he felt so full of shame He did not tilke to tell his name.

LYDIA MARIA CRILD, Ole Mareter-Fe' de War.

From the Courter-Journal. Old Marster comin' fru de bars.

Don't yer hear das horse a snortin' ?
Shuv dem marbuls in yer poeket.
Shet up and hishe dat torkin'.
Drap dat hoe agin dem taters,
Hersewhip mighty coolin';
Ole Marster corre curus.
When he ketch de nigger failn'.

Hi, looker yonder, Ephrum,
Aleve he gone down in the medder;
Jee' fotch dem marbuis out egin—
We'll hev' a game togedder,
Wain I was white fokes—
Hatin' awest rake and muffin,
Aboatin' uv de nigger,
Bidin' roun' and doin' nuffin'.

Ole Marster inv de blooded horse, Got pienty in de stable, Bit an' ettrrape shinin' Like silber on de table; Bide obte de odder piace, Foct et full uv money; Arter while he come back home, And buck dat peach and honey.

Ole fiel' lark sing pooty chune Ebry Sunday mornin': Ebry Sunday mornin';
Fore Ambrose at de meetin' house,
To gib de niegers warnin';
Ole Marster at de big chach,
Wid de 'ligious an' de sinner,
And den he fotch de preacher
And all de people home to dinner.

Ole Marster got a heap uv land,
And money widout faggers;
Ole fiel' fail ub sheep and things,
And quarter full uv niggors;
Be treat de black folks mighty well,
'Frare like 'tie in he nacher;
Oberseer play de debbit dough,
When he at the Legislacher.

Ole Marster wor' de high black hat And standin' up shirt coller— Shuv dem marbuls in yer poeket, Dat de oberseer holler !

Dat yer hear him 'hine de 'baccer avalle Don't yer hear him 'hine de 'baccer avalle Cowhide soon be rulin';
Oberseer mons'us curus
When he ketch de nigger fulin',
W. P. Cantan Extled. From the Pall Hall Gam

With the swallows homeward flying, Files my heart, dear land, to thee; For thy quiet fields I'm sighing. For the home I may not see. Oh, 'tie summer there! the roses In the quiet garden blow; There my children gather posies, As I gather'd long ago.

England, England I when I'm dying May my face be turn'd to thee; When in foreign earth I'm lying, Flant an English Sower by me. A Gilmpeo as of the Old Gods.

Prom the Academy.

When still the dawn of time lay flush and fair
Upon the younging earth, and gods were fain
To dwell among up, of the abepberd weals.

Wandering the wooded della, came unaware
On Dian, bathing in mid stream, all bare
Of aught save austers beauty, and half disdain,
And a divine great calm, that in his bram
Woke pure high thought and a chaste passion of prayer And now time wanes, and dreary falls the night;
But as we pled the murk world's nutry ways.
Sometimes still, through the blear has
A human soul breaks on a silvery bright
Is naked beauty; and behold its light
Seems like a god-glimpes in the far-off days.
Faasz 7. Mannase.

Free Good World,

I think the Lord would often come to see thee,
Thou preserves father! grudging not thy some
Te strange new cervice; no call came to bree thee
The strange new cervice; no call came to bree thee
The meading ness or setting stronger cee.
Thou wouldes it bravely, and how pelicetly!
And maybe, likelying of the Lord, wouldes sing
yet loy; that every day thy some would cee
I the father and sear His voice in journeying.
I think thee and sear His voice in journeying.
I think thee act to be the father lames's heart;
White ever thy lake a vision sim appears
Of what in father of John sew! An thou wert
What we may be. Or meading ness or salling ships,
What we may be. Or meading ness or salling ships.

Brave to and are—with to obey—call of Christ's lips!

MARION BUGGLERAN.

My Old Cantoon. I bring you out, my old canteen.

Hear twenty years have passed between
The time I saw you last, old friend.
I love to think that at my and You may be present, generous one, That gave until your all was gone, And filled again your good quart pouch For march, for bettle, for the couch. Of all the friends I've known or seen.

Dost recollect, when we held the bridge, When Hayniman crept o'er the ridge, Crashed by a sword blow in the head? How kind you were, for when he said That he was thirsty, all you had You gave in welcome, and were glad That you could ease his thirst. We sighed At his misfertune. Well, he died. Much of the war's grief have we seen, You and myself, my old canteen. I well know when I saw you first;

I had not then been much athirst; You were respectable looking then. I know I was much younger when I grasped you in my hand, and slung You o'er my shoulder; we were young. Moth eaten new's your dusty cost, And partly rusty is your throat; And partly rusty is your throat; But no new one shall come between Our old-time love, my good canteen.

You know the men who kimed your lips. Some died in battle; some in ships Have ventured far from port; and some Still wear the uniform, hear the drum. Some turned from the good drink you gave— Some turned from the good drink yo One file I know a drunkard's grave. Some in the fight for daily bread Are quite succeedful; some are dead. Few better men were ever seen Than shared your love, my old canteen. EDWARD & CREAMER. CURIOUS PRASURES OF ACSUAL LIFE. The Great Processes of Th

"Dear me!" exciaimed a young lady the other day, "what a horrid piece Washington ie! Nearly everybody is out on ball. Why, it's dreadful!" The innocent remark struck near, very near, home. I reflected on it as I went down the street; it came book to me as I waited the corridors of the Capitol for news; it haunted my waking hours at evening. I saw, with my mind's eye, the grand procession of thieves, public and private robbers, political plunderers, professional corruptionists, panderers, perjurers, the bribed and bribers (grain, stock, and fare), the oliers and schemers of legislation, the purchassible and purchased statesman which had paraded Pennsylvania avanue during the last twenty years. There are those among them who have made public robbery respectable by the high places they occupied and appired to, their sine being glessed ever by success at the polls.

Out on ball!

Heavene! What a procession it is! A few are missing from the ranks, but there are new ones to take their Press the Pittsburgh Disposes.

Out on ball!

Heavene! What a procession it is! A few are missing from the ranks, but there are new ones to take their places ten to one. Were it not for the changes which east the majority of these upon the country, Washington would now be a city of regues, instead of being half and half.

He Know a Good Thing When he flow It.

He Know a Good Taing When he flaw R.

Pron the Chicage Herald.

"Young men, I've a mind to complain to the conductor about you. I do not believe gashishing should be allowed on the care." So spake an elderly good-looking man, who compled a seat just behind a party of poke players. There's nothin's of cemoralisis' as heards. Southured the old man, warming ap to his steards. Southured the old man, warming ap to his care and the seat of the seat of the players of the seat of the seat

A Knowing Little Serpent.

A family residing in Soho has perhaps the most singular point in the United States. It is a harmless garter anake, and perhaps measures or first in longitude on the united States. It is a harmless garter anake, and perhaps measures or first in longitude on the control of the From the Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

From the London Times.

From the London Fines.

St. Petersburg, June 12.—A sonsational trial was concluded at Moscow a few days ago, resulting in a sentence of deportation to Sheria against a woman the last of deportation to Sheria against a woman the last of the sentence of th

Mmc. Jumel Outshoos by a Negro. From the New Orleans Delta, 1849.

Yesterday Saratoga was the accese of what some term a most diagraceful outrage, while others hold to a very different opinion. But, de gustibus non set dispusionaism. The facts are as follows: Man Junel, once the wife of Aaron Burr, is now here with a turnout consisting of four gray horses and a baronche with a seat continue of the continue of the continue of the continue of the continue continue of the continue continue of the continue season of the continue continue of the continue continue of the conti

here one hour. On each of the nigh horses a position were not bour. On each of the nigh horses a position around their hate.

During the time the carriage was in waiting a dense crowd and collected around. She had no sconer started off in her carriage, and at the very instant she passed the corner of the hotel, than she encountered another turnout exactly like her own, with the exception that it had white positions and footmen and the four horses were a snade lighter, while the sole occopant of the carriage was a shade darker, he being nothing more nor less than the negro four Campbell, and away they both went is gallant style, amid a deafening cheer from the assembled multimed. On reaching Congress Spring the magno's carriage had distanced the madame's.

At this point kime, Jume's carriage turned round, and up she came again. But Black Tom was not to be extended as a fine of the same of the s

Acors Bread.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

From the Sam Francisco Chronicis.

The Indians scattered along the foot hills of the diserts are a quiet, inofansive people. They do not appear to be governed by any tribal laws, yet adners to many of their old traditions. One or two men of appears to be governed by any tribal laws, yet adners to many of their old traditions. One or two men of appears to be governed by any tribal laws, yet adners to many of their old traditions. One or two men of appears to be governed by any tribal laws, yet adners to their seems with the others less ambitions gather. Here they fence with brush and logs a trade and trade at they force in the tribal seems to the second as the second satill a favorite article of diet in every well-regulated wigwam. The process of converting this bills of a grand old pine I found then. Under the branches of a grand old pine I found then. Under the branches of a grand old pine I found then under the second specific and the second specific and the second specific and the second out of the block soil, much in the shape of a punch bowl. Into these was put the acorn polp. At hand stord several large clothes basies filled with water, and into these they dropped hot stones, thus heating the water to the required temperature. Upon the mass of crushed bitterices they carefully ladled the hot water, making it about the color and consistency of cream. Not a speck appeared to mix. A buxon of the mass of crushed bitterices they carefully ladled the hotter water, sand with a small fir bough stirred the mass, shiftely removing any speck that he bitter waters, and with a small fir bough stirred the mass, shiftely removing any speck that he bitter waters, and all laughed. I saked again, and after more laughter I was handed a small particle on a fig leaf, and found it sweet and palatable. They becam for remove it, and so adrictly was this done that but a small provide on a fig leaf, and found it sweet and palatable. They becam for remove it, and so adrictly was this done that but a small periode on a fig leaf, and

Bean Richmond and his Shingles. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Prom the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

"I've got a story, about Dean Richmond," said a railroad may to a Globe Democrat reporter yesterday. "It happened up in New York in '5d, I believe. Dean Richmond had an office in Buffalo then. One day, while the old man was eribbing as ay—you know he wrote a a hand in comparison with which Horaus Greeley's writing was like print—a fellow that has a lot of shingles plied up at a station fifty or sixty miles down the Central, walked in. Dean looked up and asked:

"What d'ye want!"

"Free got some shingles down here I want to sell."

"Well, you so back home, and when I want on I'll send for 'em, and is commenced scribbling again.

"About three months afterward the shingle man wanted to got a linary for something or other, and wrote to kichmond eathing for a pass. In a day or two he got a kichmond eathing for a pass. In a day or two he got a lichmond eathing for a pass. In a day or two he got a lichmond eathing for speculator supposed it was passed and signed Donn Richmond was remarked in the law that could make out I never supposed it was Dean's way of making out a pass, so he took the train for Albany, and presented it to the conductor, who gianned at it, said 'All right,' and handed it back to him. Well, sir, he traveliest for weeks on that piece of paper, until one day he landed in Buffalo again. Passing Richmond's office, he thought be'd drop in and thank the old man for his courtesy. He said: Mr. Richmond, I am very much obliged to you for that pass.

"Why, that pass!" was the gruff response.

"Why, that pass!" was the gruff response.

"Yet, you del lare it in, said the shingle man, producing the pass?" I didn's send you so pass."

"Yet, you del lare it in, said the shingle man, producing the paser." Bot, you, that lait's to bessel' and thou, saking it in his visitor's tase, he pointed at the added with a yell: "The may "Why is he dean' you

and then shingtes! Been Bishmond." Byo right that, you — Milet P The shingle man beet a highy retreet, and it is old man a west to each down."

The Phospher From the Pall Hall Section June 17.

Prom the Pall Mult Genetic, June 17.

A carrious point in diamond love has just beds established to the selight of savants in Paris, where the established to the selight of savants in Paris, where the established to the selight of savants in Paris, where the established the selight of the diamond constitution and the selight of the diamond constitutions in the selight of the diamond constitutions in the selight of the diamond constitutions and the selight of the seli

Cowboys Against Cross Prom Um BL. Louis Glob

Four McLand, Jupe 16,—A South Plagan Incides a many discret, of the Indian pulse, arrived in search of a horse stolen by the North Plagan. He search of a horse stolen by the North Plagan. He prought in the new that there had been a big fight below Joe Kipp's place, on the Marian between cowboys and Ures Indians, with fatal results. The cowboys were not the round-up when they came to a party of five Ores on the round-up when they came to a party of the Ores of the search of the Indians ran away, but one, or the search of the cowboys were not from the rest for meet this Indian, and when he got meet the Indian was hit presty badly, and dropped. He she maked himself to a stiring position and free at him. The Indian was hit presty badly, and dropped. He she indian was hit is the breast. The cawboy was fastily wounded, but while dying put four or five shots into the Orea, who was killed. The cowboy died soon after. The other cowboys, who had been watching the fight is the distance, now took after the other four Indians, and a lively genotimer took pince. The Indians took refuge and showed him off. They finally got on well protested.

From the Eric Despatch.

Col. J. A. Ego of Bradford, who commanded a brigade at the Wilderness before he was 21 years of age, tells this pleasant little story of his contribute. That been shot in several places, and carried an arm in a sling when I game home to recruit. Of course I was a hero, and was lionized. A hall was arranged in my honor, and among the bright-eyed damasis who attanded it was one who seemed to me the ideal of womanhood. If we was the week of the work of the latest of the work of the latest latest of the latest latest of the latest latest of the latest latest of the latest latest latest of the latest l

Laurehing Jim's Little Joke. From the Entonton Messenger.

Many years ago there lived in Puinam one James Dismukes, called "Laugining Jim." He was food of his dram, and when under its influence was very noisy. On one occasion, when the Superior Court was in assaion, he went into the court room, oreside a good deal of disturbance, and, as he could not be kept quiet, the Judge ordered the Sheriff to take him to jail and look him up. When the theriff arrived at the jail with him him the state of the could not be the country of the country of

From the Detroit Pres Press. On June 18 there was a light, warm shower

On June 15 there was a light, warm shower at wangenbance Lighthouse, which is in Lake Michigan, shout twenty-five miles west of Mackinac. Immediately following the shower, some men who were at work on the for-horn building heard ratiling and crashing overhead, and hastened out to isarn the cause. The roof of the building and the pier of the lighthouse had in an instant been covered to the depth of an inch with a dry chalklike substance. The surface of the lake, too, as far as they cool see, was covered with a like substance, which the waves is hed late foam. The men at the lighthouse were scared for a time, but as no harm came they soon began to look about for an explanation. Two or them applied their tongues repeatedly to the stuff, and the experiments made them seriously ill. A quantity of it is now in the possession of James Martielt of the Buth Iron Works. It smells strongly of Ive, but seems to have much less specific gravity than potash.

Free Passes to Silence Protests. From the Red Bank Register.

From the Red Bank Register.

Some time ago the oltizens of Asbury Park held a meeting to remonstrate against the high faree charged on the railroads. A committee, consisting of some of the most prominent citizens of the town, was appointed, with instructions to lay the matter before appointed, with instructions to lay the matter before the committee of the form of the committee of the committee of the committee of the committee station. Last week several members of the committee received passes over the Keading Bailroad, which were sent, presumably, to silence their protests. Considerable interest is taken in speculating on the attitude these members of the committee will take at the next meeting, which will be held on Thursday evening.

From the Burlington Harokews

Yesterday afternoon one of the most remarks as tornadues ever known occurred about its united southeast of Havans, Ill. It consisted of a small funnal-shaped cloud, densely black, passing from southwest to northeast, will terrib peaks of thunder in the heavens. The funnel ha an extension resembling that trunk of an elephant, awind with their and forth in a semi-circle. There we window ind, and very silest damage was done in that way, without any rain. The end of the funnel struck the arth, when a dense black smoke arose, obscuring everything except lashes of fire in all directions proceeding from the cloud of smoke. The wibrating funnel divided, on part passing through a corn field and the other through a tild of wheat, leaving a narrow track of devastation and evidences of fire. At this place there was no rain, but further south and east a deluge of water fell in the manner of a broken waterspout, not of rain.

Two Pine Vachte.

From the Philadelphia Times. Wilmington, June 25.—The yacht Electra, which is being built by the Harian & Hollingsworth Company for Elbridge T. Gerry of New York, will be delivered to her owner on Saturday. A large force of men has been working upon her, day and night, for the past two weeks. Fart of her furniture will be emplied by the Harian & Hollingsworth Company. In all proposition of the past wowels, Fart of her furniture will be supplied by the Harian & Hollingsworth Company. In all propositions of the work of the supplied by the Harian & Hollingsworth Company. In all propositions were the supplied by the Harian & Hollingsworth Company. In all propositions were the work of the supplied by the Harian & Hollingsworth Company. In all propositions were proposed to the formation of the parch will be purchased in New York also. One chair alone will cost \$125. William H. Vanderbilt of New York contemplates baving a yeach built, and is waiting to inspect the Aston yacht before giving out his contract.

The Human Velce. From the Burlington Hawkeye.

A boy 10 years old can stand out in the street of a quiet village on a cain summer afternoon and materials air quiver and startle the doring appulation out of a year's peace by shricking to a boy three quarters of smile way.

"Oh, Skinnee! Comin' nout tafter supper ?"
And the other lad will yell back with awful distinct. way: a. Skinnee! Comin' nout tafter supper?" the other lad will yell back with awful distinct-And the other lad will yell back with awful distinct-ness and care:

"Yes! Gityer nigger-shooter'n' come to the store;"
And they will converse in the same thrilling pitch and
maddening force if they are only ten feet apart. But,
twenty or thirty years afterward, either of those boys
will get up to saidress a public meeting in a half not fifty
feet deep, and ten feet away from the speaker not a
living soul can hear a word he says.

A Squaw's Prayer.

From the St. Mary's, Md., Enterprise. Mis. Maria E. Homes of our town sold on Taesday last a tract of land, part of the original tract of land, part of the original tract of land, how as Mills'e Point, on the Wicomico River, which has been in the Mills family since the earliest existence in Maryland. Some generations back, it is easily, some of the male possessor of this original track tilled an Indian woman's son, whereupon she prayed tilled an Indian woman's son, whereupon she prayed tilled an Indian woman's son, whereupon she prayed tilled an Indian woman's son, in their descendants he prayed tilled an Indian woman's son, in the case out and the happiness of a male hart fore and their descendants happiness of a male hart fore and their town of the whether there is any truth in this statement or not, it is weether than that this property has always been owned by and transmitted through the female branch, and that happenessed generation, and of the present it is true that on insteam children, axis of whom were boys, but one lived to attain the age of 21.

Two Champions.

From the Philadelphia Call. Friend—Ah! glad to see you, Blank, How did your great boat race with Switt, the champion seubler come out! Hisah (champion carsman)—I won.

"Glad of it, glad of it. I was atraid he would beat you. What time did you make!"

"An hour and a ha!f."

"If reat leconidas! An hour and a haif! Why, it's a ten minutes' course, and I have seen you do it in sight."

"Well, you see, that villant Swift sold out the race and was bound I should beat him, and he rowed as slow as he could."

was bound I should beat him, and he rowed as slow as he could."

Why should that affect your time! Why didn't you but ever the course in eight in suite? "Why didn't you but ever the course in eight in suite?"

Tell, you see, I had sold out too, and wanted him to

The Beaton.

"My darling, you never have kissed me yet,"
he said.
"Haven't I" she answered, with a gargling lauch.
"Never" he repeated, "and I wish you would now.
Will you!"
She did.
"Ah!" he sighed, "how sweet it is to feel the presence.
of your warm tips on my cheek."
"Do you know why my lips are so warm ?" she did.
"Secause." she broke is, "no ice cream has passed them for ever so long."
He took the hint. From the Somereille Journal

Had No Use for Matches. From the Helson Engminer. We mentioned last week the death of Mr. Wrat Hars. Mr. Hars had some psculiarities, sancing them this one; He never bought a match. A fire, either open or banked, was kept up continually on the hearth, in this he tred in the frontange of his father, and the fire types that one hearth was a continuous fire for many than see hearter varm.